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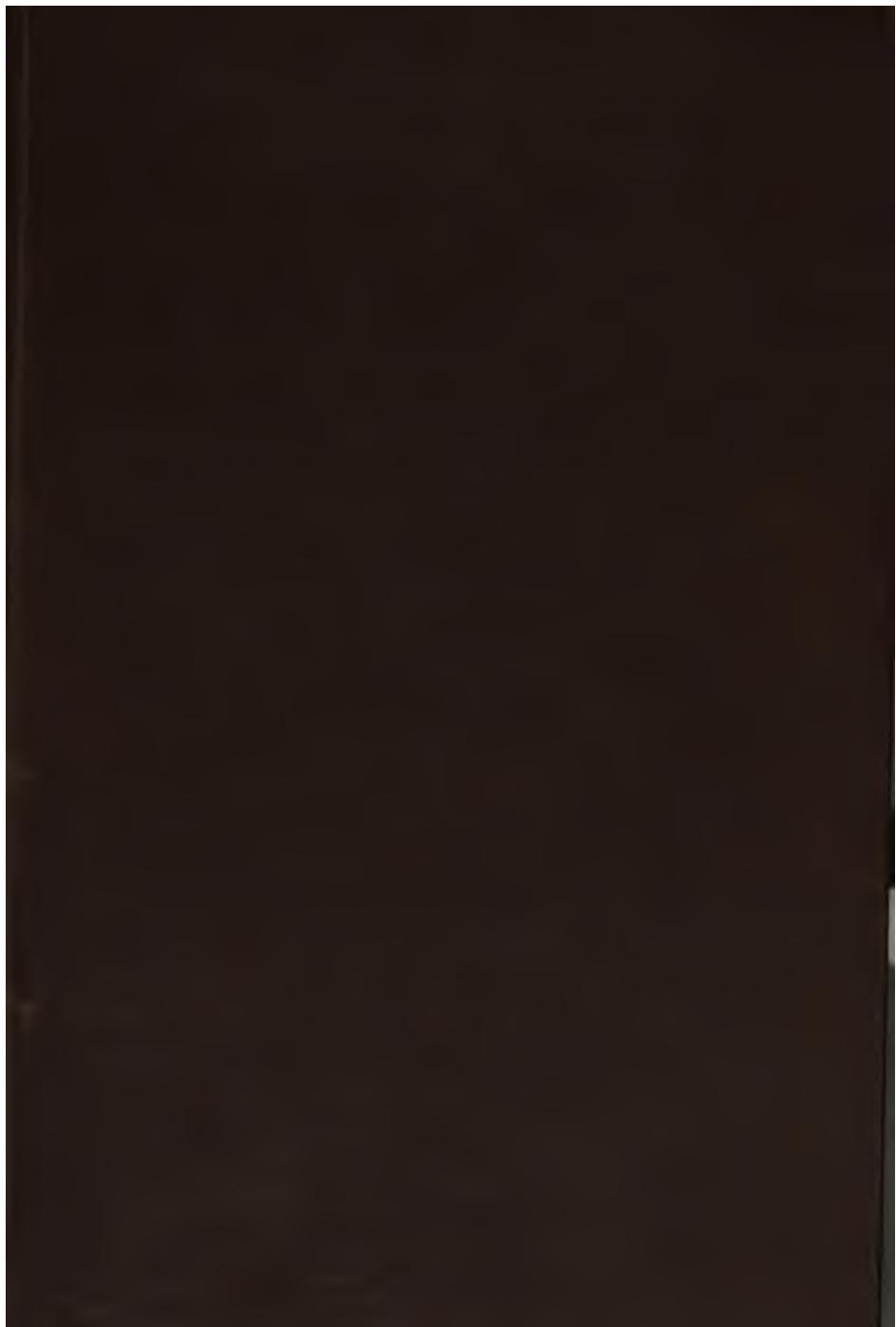
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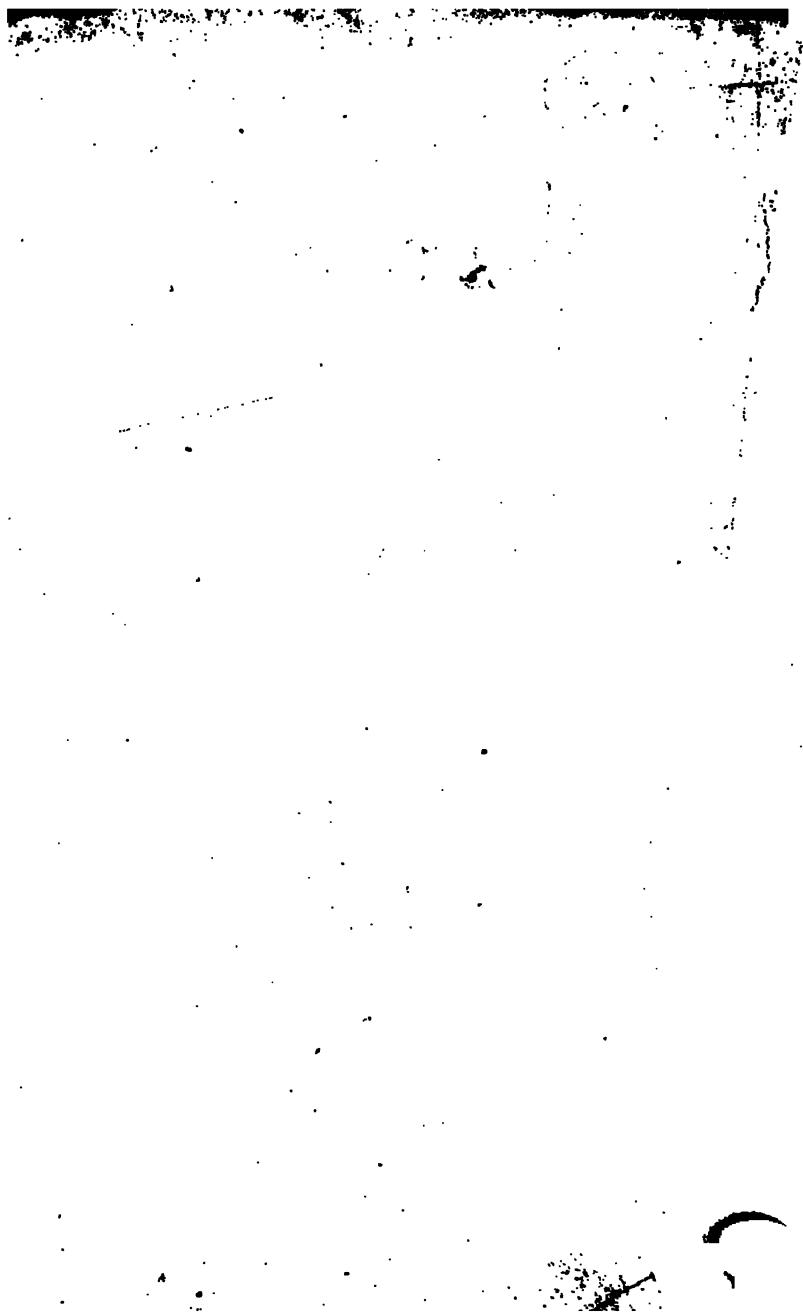
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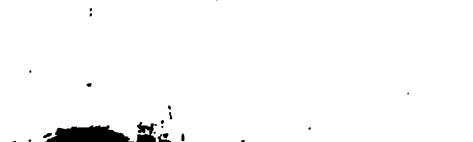
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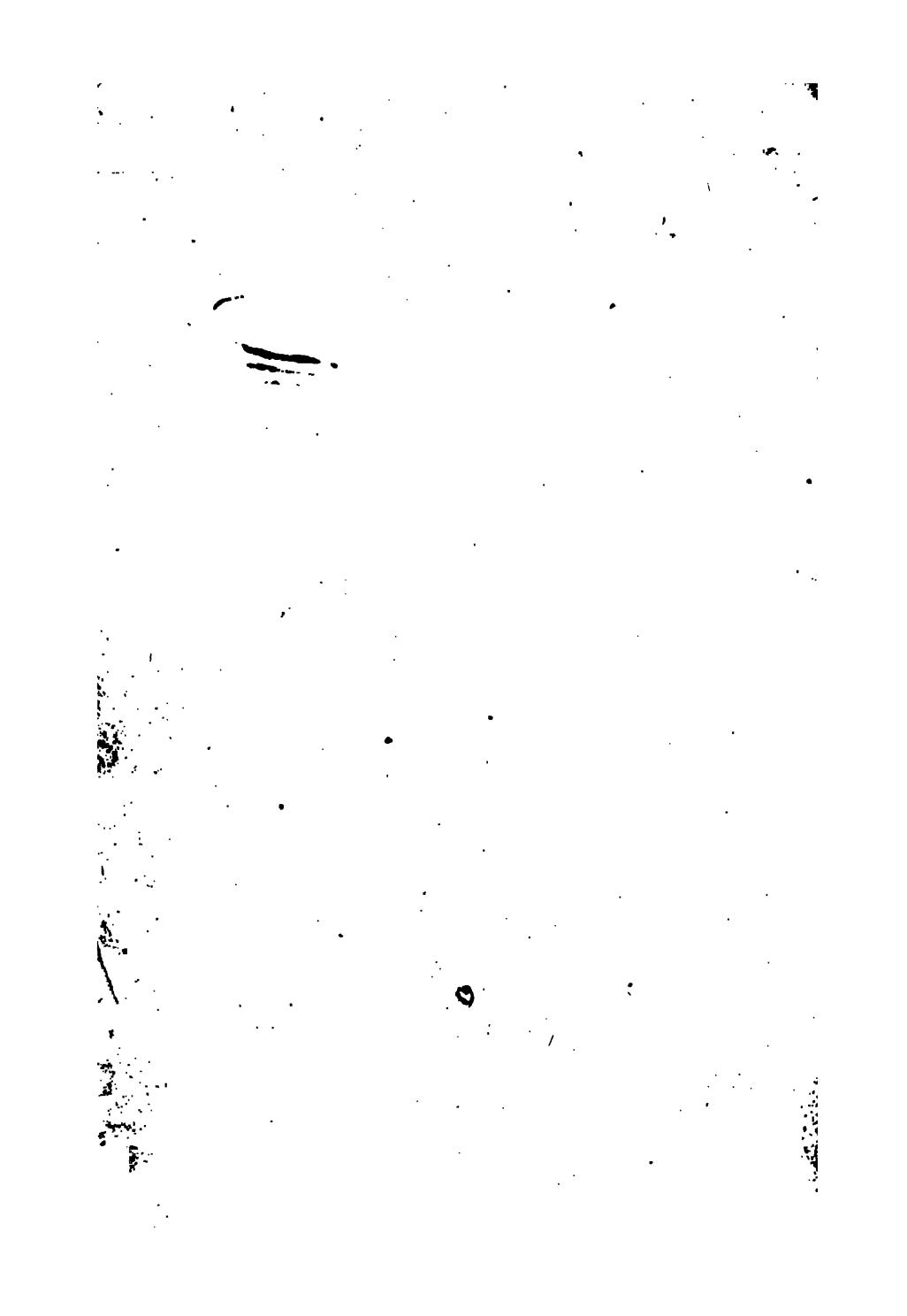
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Esther

Eliza

Eliza



POEMS ON

Several Occasions,

Written in imitation of the manner of

ANAGREON,

WITH

Other Poems, Letters and Transla-
tions.

*Cum Theba, cum Troja foret, cum Cæsaris Alba,
Ingenium movit Sola Corinna meum.*

Ovid. Eleg.

London:

Printed for R. Parker at the *Unicorn*, under the
Piazza of the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill. 1696.



TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
Lord A S H L E Y.

MY LORD,

There are many Reasons which
ought to have kept me from
troubling your Lordship with
this Address, but I am willing some-
times to believe there are Others that
will a little excuse my Presumption:

The Dedication.

I have been long tempted to use the first Opportunity that should offer, to express my particular Veneration for You. I wish, My Lord, I had now been happy in a better occasion, or that you would not take an Opinion of my Respect and Esteem for You, from the meanness of this Present.

Authors of all Ages are generally fond of their own Productions; but the Oldest and Youngest are most Infected with this Vanity. Yet I am not so partial to this my first Essay, but I know it wants many Perfections to be fit to come before You. If it Diverts you when you are pleas'd to be free from the Publick Concerns, which so often Employ You, 'tis the utmost of my pretences; I shall be proud of its good Fortune, and have no cause to repent I had the Courage to own it.

Your Lordship has sufficiently prov'd that the Gallant Man, and the Man of Busines

The Dedication.

Business are not incomptable ; No Man ever discover'd so early such a vast Capacity for the Busines you have undertaken. And since you consented to be chosen a Member of the House of Commons , None ever appear'd more Sollicitous for the Publick Good, or knew better how to promote it than your Lordship. You have joyn'd the Vivacity of Youth, with the Wisdom and Temper of Age, and already secur'd your Self a Character, which others have been Labouring for whole Ages with less success.

But your Thoughts in affairs of highest consequence, however weighty in themselves, never sit heavy on you ; you are not discompos'd by them, or prevented from a moderate Enjoyment of those Pleasures, which are the Property of men of your Wit and Quality.

Those who have the Honour to be intimate with You, and are acquaint-

The Dedication.

ed with the sweetness of your Disposition, and Your unaffected easiness to Your Private Friends, give us such Idea's of You, that to be silent here, would be an injustice to Your Merit ; however faulty we make our selves by it to Your Lordship. I can now almost please my self, that I am no better known to You ; for certainly my Discretion could not restrain me from consulting my own, more than Your Lordships pleasure, in dwelling on this Subject.

The World have so High an Opinion of Your Worth, that they will excuse me for speaking of You, tho 'tis even in a Dedication ; They will only blame me for concluding so soon ; but 'tis that only which can give me any hopes of procuring Your Pardon.

Such indeed frequently abuse a Man of Quality, with unseasonable Praises who have servile ends to promote by it :

The Dedication.

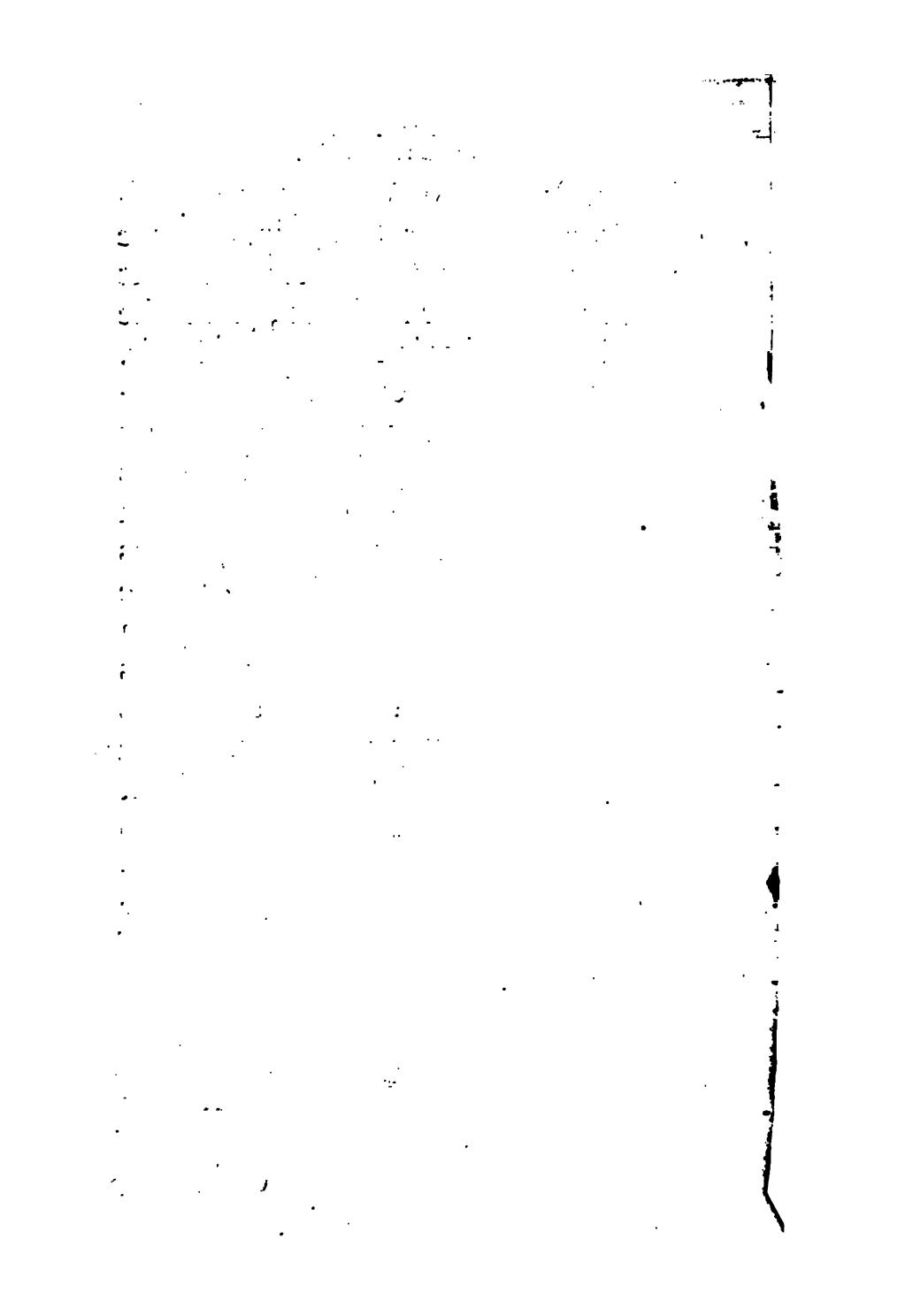
it: but my design is purely to express my Zeal for Your Lordship. I have not yet Learn't to Flatter, and it miscarries so often of late, that the Vilest Authors begin to be ashame'd of it.

Most of these Poems, which I humbly Dedicate to You, were Written by a Person in Love, in those Hours which he devoted to the Contemplation of his *Mistress*: Your Lordship, who is so well with the *Fair Sex*, must have been sensible of that Passion, which makes us think not always so justly as we ought, you will then pity the Errors you find here, *If you can't excuse them*; but *I Tremble*, my Lord, when *I think* there is not one inconsiderable enoughto escape you. Yet tho *I leave* Your Lordship with these apprehensions of your Justice, *I would not wholly dispair of Your Mercy.*

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordships most Obe-
dient and most Humble
Servant.

f. Oldmixon.



THE

Preface.

After I have ventur'd to declare, That most of these Poems were Written in Imitation of Anacreon's Manner, I shall be excus'd for keeping the Reader a little while from them; since 'tis necessary I should Explain my meaning to some who may think me too forward. I wish I understood Anacreon as well as a great many Gentlemen, who perhaps don't Love him better; but I believe I know enough of him, and of the rest of the Ancients, to find he excell'd them all in the Lyrick way of Writing, for the Naivete of his Thoughts, and Expressions, for his Gaiety and good Humour, for his Delicacy and Pleasantry, and for most of the Qualities of an honest Gentleman and a Lover. Of all the Ancients Catullus and Horace were happiest

The Preface.

piest in their Imitation of Anacreon; Catullus Copied the Delicate Turn of his Thought, the softness, simplicity, and negligence of his Expression; but Monsieur Rapin tells us, he is not always free from Affectation. Horace imitated him in his Gaiety and good Humour; but he is not so Natural, so Sweet and insinuating as Anacreon, who is ever Pleasant, Free and ~~Grateful~~, and for the Naivete of Thoughts, I believe will never have his Equal. I might say much more of Anacreon, and the comparison between him, Catullus and Horace; but I will leave it for another Occasion, and acquaint the Reader with what more immediately relates to the Verses I here Publish. I have indeavour'd every where to be Easy and Natural; to say no more than what rises directly from the Subject. I have avoided, as far as I could, the Faults of such as have written of Love before me: They were, some of them, Witty Gentlemen, but they seldom speak warmly of their Mistresses Beauties, or their own Passion; when they pretend to it, they discover a greater value for themselves, and would be rather thought Witty and Learned, than Hearty and Passionate. I must confess, I was never touch'd by any of these Famous Authors. I can scarce read them without Indignation, but I believe their Mistresses were as cold as their Verses, and then I am better satisfy'd. After what Mr. Walsh has Inform'd us of their Mistakes in his judicious Preface to his Poems,

The Preface.

Poems, there is little more for me, or any Man to say on that Subject : You will find nothing in this little Volume, but what was the Real Sentiments of my Heart, at the time I Writ it, and he that will not give himself a greater Liberty, has no need to fear being thought forc'd, or unnatural, which is the greatest Vice in Verses of Love and Gallantry.

'Tis true, when a Man Industriously avoids Art, he will be in danger of becoming flat and insipid. But we must never let it appear too visibly, and when we mingle it in a Poem, we must manage it so, that it may seem all of a Piece. Art must never be too high for Nature, nor Nature too low for Art, Especially in the Affairs of Love, where the Ladies are to be our Judges, who are very nice in such matters, and will frequently be more taken with a Passionate Look or Gesture, than with formal Speeches, or the finest Arguments. As I have imitated Anacreon in this Naivete of Thought. So I have follow'd him in his regular measure ; and I was once almost resolv'd to call the Poems that were written in imitation of his manner, Odes ; The Numbers being as exactly try'd, and as truly Lyrical as I could make them. But the Numbers are too regular and the Poems were not divided into Stanza's, according to the Modern Character of an Ode. Tho Anacreon did not set us this Example, neither did Pindar allow himself to be so Licensi-us in his Measure, as some who would have us believe they

The Preface.

they have Imitated him. As for the Stanza, the Ancients and Moderns have frequently us'd it, and 'tis very beautiful in those who perfectly understand it; yet the sense being to be often clos'd, and a Connexion of the whole to be still continued; there are few that can confine themselves to such narrow Limits; but when they strive to be Correct in the Stanza, their Thoughts appear imperfect and confus'd, and have nothing of that Native freedom which ought every where to shine in Poetry. To avoid these Errors, I have given myself more room, but still observ'd one manner, and kept my Verses to seven or eight Feet, which admits of a softer Cadence, and in little things, pleases the Ear better than the English Heroick of Ten Syllables. Besides, having Study'd to be always Lyrical, the Numbers according to Mr. Dennis (who is one of our best Judges) should not be extended beyond the eighth Syllable. The Heroick Measure is more sounding, and by consequence not so suitable to the Softness of my Subject, which is generally Love, nor to the simplicity of the Thought and Expression, which I hope will no where appear Fort'd or Affected.

If I have not succeeded in Englishing the Two Satires out of Boileau, so well as those Gentlemen who have done some others of them, and from whom more is to be expected, I may at least affirm they have not kept closer to the Original

The Preface.

ginal, than I have ; and perhaps being too tender of the Reputation of that great Man, to mingle my own Thoughts with his, or take the liberties which are allow'd in an Imitation, I was oblig'd in some places, where I strove to be Literal, to speak too much like Prose ; I hope, however, this fault will not be often found, or very much to my disadvantage.

The Translations out of Catullus, &c. have been often Attempted before, I must own I was not pleas'd with them my self, nor perhaps will the World be more satisfy'd with mine : I think, however, in the Numbers and the Turn, I have been more Faithful to the Originals ; yet I don't always keep to 'em too servilely.

After all I can say to insinuate my self into the favour of the Publick, I shall make no dependance on my Excuses, though I have many to Offer, which have at least a Colour of Reason ; Poetry has not been the business of my Life ; I should reckon it amongst my Misfortunes if it had ; I only, like Prince Arthur, made it my Diversion, and perhaps, like him, it may be only a Pleasure to the Author. 'Tis too Rich a Study to be a Mans constant Diet, but proper to relish such as are more Grave, and more Profitable.

Mr.

The Preface.

Mr. Walsh tells us, *A Man ought to be out of Love to Correct those Pieces which he Writes in his Amorous Faries*; but I have not had the Patience to tarry for that dismal Hour, and I hope 'twill be late before it overtake me. This will be some excuse for me to the Fair and Young, whose Hearts are in the same Circumstances; and if some Errors may have escap'd me, they will, for their own sakes, forgive such follies which my Passion has made me Guilty of.

There are some who will condemn me for being too familiar in my Love Descriptions, and going beyond the severity of Religion: These are a sort of Persons who will have the Liberty of their Thoughts, in spite of Law or Reason, who having lost their Taft (if ever they had any) for things of this Nature, are disgusted at the Pleasures others Enjoy, and they are wholly incapable of. If they were People that could be convinc'd by Good Sense, what the Bishop of Rochester says on this, in his Life of Cowley, is enough to satisfy them. If Devout or Virtuous Men will Superciliously forbid the Minds of the Young, to Adorn those Subjects, about which they are most conversant, they would put them out of all capacity of performing Greater Matters when they come to them, for the

The Preface.

the exercises of all Mens Wits, must be always proper for their Age.

But left the Ladies, whom I desire chiefly to Please, and fear always to Offend, should be prevail'd on by these false scruples, to think ill of the following Poems; I assure them here is nothing which has not already been allow'd of by the most Vertuous, as well as the most Charming of their Sex.

TO

July 1911

1911

1911

THE
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Errata.

Errata.

IN the Preface, pag. 3, line 7. for *thee* read *thee*, p. 49
l. 9. r. 12, before *keep*, p. 61. l. 9. f. *thee* r. *thee*, p. 93
l. 13. f. *be long*, r. *belong*.

Adams

John Adams (1735-1826) was the second President of the United States (1797-1801). He was a Founding Father of the United States and a central figure in the American Revolution.

POEMS.

2M309

T O

F L A V I A.

WHAT ! *Flavia*, is your Bounty ceaſt,
 With the poor Blifes I poſſeſt ;
 Poſſeſt, but as a Brother ſhou'd,
 By halves you have been always good,
 At leaſt to me, when much I fear,
 For others nothing is too dear.

AH ! *Flavia*, I would fain believe,
 You are not ſkilful to deceiver ;
 Such Youth from Artifice is free,
 And you are only kind to me ;

Tho' did you Love, as you profess,
You'd give me more, or give me less,
If you at first had us'd me ill,
You might with reason do it still ;
You wou'd have had a mock excuse,
To torture me, or to refuse.
But when you can so far comply,
The rest 'tis folly to deny,
Unless uncommon ways you use,
And smile on those you would abuse.

T H E C O N T E S T.

H Elp me, help me! Gentle Love ;
 H All my wandring thoughts remove ;
 Fix 'em where they should be true,
 They are all *Corinna's* due,
 If a long and awful Reign,
 Can in Love a Right obtain.
 Or convince me, I am wrong,
 Tell me ! She has rul'd too long ;
 Tell me ! That she was unkind ;
 That to Love she ne're inclin'd ;

B x

That

That her Arbitrary sway
 Taught me first to disobey,
 Oh ! instruct me what to say.
 I, confounded with my shame,
 Dare not own another Flame.
 Subjects, when they change a King,
 Should some Lawful Reasons bring ;
 All my Reasons seem too weak,
 I am Dumb and cannot speak ;
 How can I such Beauty wrong,
 One so Witty, Gay and Young ;
 Every Charm, and every Grace,
 Dwells in my *Corinna's* Face :
 But my *Cloe* is as Fair,
 Happier in a Charming Air :
 So much Beauty, so much youth,
 So much Innocence and Truth,

'Tis

'Tis impossible to see,
 And for Loving censure me.
 Sure *Corinna* cannot blame,
 Such a hopeful, happy Flame ;
 When she knowsthat if I burn,
 Tis in hopes of a return.
 Love, thy Dictates I persue,
 Tell me therefore, what to do ;
 Shall I with *Corinna* part,
 Shall I throw her from my Heart ?
 She does still my suit refuse,
 Is not that a good excuse ?
 Oh ! if 'tis not, tell me how
 Justice can my Change allow ?
 Thou didst first my Soul Inspire,
 Thou dost set my Heart on Fire,
 When *Corinna* I remove,
 Witness, all the fault is Love ;

(6)

Let the Treachery be thine,
And the Frailty only mine.

T Q

T O

C L O E.

PRethee *Cloe*, not so fast,
 Let's not run and Wed in haft ;
 We've a thousand things to do,
 You must fly, and I persue ;
 You must frown, and I must sigh ;
 I intreat, and you deny.
 Stay--- If I am never crost,
 Half the Pleasure will be lost ;

Be, or seem to be severe,
 Give me reason to Despair ;
 Fondness will my Wishes cloy,
 Make me careless of the Joy.
 Lovers may of course complain
 Of their trouble and their pain ;
 But if Pain and Trouble cease
 Love without it will not please.

ON

ON A
P E R F U M E

Taken out of a

Young Ladie's Bosom.

B Egon ! Bold Rival from my Fair,
 Thou hast no Plea for Busines there ;
 'Twere needless where the Lilly grows,
 To add Perfumes, or to the Rose ;
 Faint are the Sweets which thou canst give,
 To those which in her Bosom Live ;

Thence

Thence tender Wishes, Amorous Sighs,
 Love's Breath, the richest Odours rise.
 Not all the Spices of the East,
 Nor Indian Grove nor Phoenix Nest,
 Send forth an Odour to compare
 With what we find to please, us there
 Where Nature has been so profuse,
 Thy little Arts are of no use.
 Thou canst not add a grace to her,
 She's all Perfection every where.
 Speak fawcy thing, for I will know
 How much to her, and me you owe.
 Whence comes this sweetnes so Divine ?
 Speak, is it hers, or is it thine ?
 Ha ! Varlet, by the fragrant smell
 'Tis her's, all her's, I know it well ;
 I know you rob'd Olivia's Store,
 But hence ! For you shall steal no more.

(11)

Be gone ! She has no room for thee,
Olivia's bosom must be free,
For nothing but for Love and me.

}

THE

The G R O V E.

OH ! 'tis sweet, 'tis wondrous sweet,
 When I and *Amarilis* meet,
 In a fragrant Shady Grove,
 Full of Wishes, full of Love :
 Oh ! What pretty things we say,
 How the Minutes fly away,
 When with glances mingling Kisses,
 We prepare for softer Blissess ;
 On some Mosey-bank we lye,
 Play and touch, imbrace and dye :
 Then from little feuds and jars,
 We proceed to Amorous Wars.

Oh ! how many *Heavens* we find,
 I am Young and she is Kind.
 Kind and Free without design,
 Mine at Will, and only mine ;
 Smiling always, always toying ;
 Ever fond, yet never cloying ;
 Could the coldest Hermit see
 Half the sweets Enjoy'd by me.
 Happy once to see her Eyes,
 Press her Lip, and hear her Sighs,
 Clasp her Wait, and touch her Skin,
 Soon he would forget the Sin,
 All his darling hopes of Bliss
 In a distant Paradise,
 All with ease he would resign
 For a minute's taste of mine.

To

To CORINNA.

Fair Corinne tell me why
 You are often heard to sigh,
 Why your Eyes are often keen
 Kind as Lovers should have been ;
 Tell me, Madam, what you mean ?
 Something does your Soul employ,
 Love or Anger, Grief or Joy,
 By the Symptoms we discover,
 Something even of a Lover.
 Love, like Murder, will appear,
 'Tho' you take the greatest care.
 Every motion will reveal
 What you struggle to conceal,

Hide

Hide it not, for I perceive
When your Breasts begin to heave,
When they rise, and when they fall,
Then I see, and know it all ;
They in spite of all your Art,
Tell the Conflicts of your Heart,
Every throb and pant repeat,
Equal time and motion beat,
But for whom your Wishes grow,
That, Oh! that, I cannot know.

The *PICTURE.*

Painter I have often seen,
 What a Flatterer thou hast been,
 Take thy Pencil now and shew
 What thy Art with Truth can do,
 Paint me with the nicest care,
 One that's young and wondrous fair,
 Paint Corinna's Mein and Air,
 On her Eyes employ thy skill,
 Make 'em Kind, but make 'em Kill,
 Make 'em soft, and make 'em bright,
 Let 'em, like her own, delight,
 Draw her Fore-head, then her Nose,
 All that's Beautiful suppose,

Made

Made for Love and Lovers blisses,
 Cheeks and Lips design'd for kisses,
 Lips so red and Teeth so white.
 Fancy cannot do her right.
 Such a white and such a red,
 Never can be thought or said ;
 All thy Colours will not do,
 Search abroad and seek for new.
 See if nature can supply,
 Colours of so fine a dye ;
 Draw her Neck, and then her Breast
 Draw---What must not be Exprest.
 Charm me with her shape and Skin,
 Let her be all o're Divine,
 In her Picture let her see ;
 What she still deny's to me,
 Make her smile, and she will own,
 Naught so hateful as a frown.

T O

Mr. Sergeant

Inviting him into the Country.

Come my *Thyrsis*, come away,
 Don't your Joy and mine delay ;
 But to make 'em both compleat,
 Come and taste of my retreat.
 'Tis not such as Hermits boast,
 When by men or Fortune crost,
 To some Cell the Fools repair,
 And imagine blessings there.
 Make their virtue a pretence,
 For ill nature and offence.

Shun the World which in return,
 Treats them with neglect and scorn.
 Nothing looks in my retreat,
 Discontented or unsweet.
 True---'tis private, and you know,
 Love and Friendship should be so,
 Solitude dissolves the mind,
 Makes it pleasant, free, and kind ;
 All our nicest beauties here,
 Scorn th' appearance of severe.
 Seldom, very seldom known,
 To be fierce, or force a frown :
 Seldom are untimely coy,
 When invited to the joy ;
 But with wondrous ease comply,
 Or with equal Grace deny.
 When from my Careless free,
 Love shall force thy thoughts from me ;

Happy in such sweet amours,
 We will pass our hasty hours.
 You with *Sylvia*, or with *Phillis*,
 Constant I, with *Amaryllis*,
 Court and Kiss 'em all the Day ;
 All the Ev'ning toy and play,
 All the night-hold!—None shall know,
 What at night we mean to do.
 Be it how it will, you'll find
 Nature only makes 'em kind,
 Oft such pleasures may be known,
 You have felt 'em in the Town ;
 Yet my, my *Thyrsis*, you'll confess,
 Fears and Dangers make 'em less.
 Crouds, Diseases, feuds and noise,
 Render 'em imperfect joys;
 But in shades and silence given,
 Every Extasy is Heaven.

T H E

Country Wit.

A Country Wit who came to Town,
 Was wondrous willing to be known,
 And that he might not tarry long,
 He saw a Play and writ a Song.
 But this however not enough,
 He went to *Will's* and borrow'd snuff,
 From *Dryden's* box with many more,
 Who beg'd the liberty before ;
 For you must know amongst the Beaux,
 Wit always enters by the Nose,
 And passing quickly to the Brain,
 Comes tickling down in verse again.

Our *Wit* thus favour'd writes apace.
 You read the Author in his face.
 With *Sonnet, Elegy and Ode,*
 He crams a Book and comes abroad.
 But Oh ! the fate of human things,
 In vain he writes, in vain he sings,
 The Town uncivilly refuse,
 To listen to a Country Muse ;
 And scarce will condescend to damn,
 This mighty Candidate of fame,
 Down to his Seat, the Cox-comb goes,
 He rail's at Criticks Wits and Beaus.
 He swears that non-sence is prefer'd,
 That merit never meets reward,
 That envy makes the Criticks curse,
 His Poems while they publish worse ;
 That spite of what they think or say,
 He'll write or print as well as they.

T O

The Bath and Zelinda in it.

O H! could I change my form like Jove,
 In show'rs like him, I'de feast my
 Love,

And mingling with the waters play,
 Around Zelinda's breast as they.

Ah! happy waves you may at large,
 Sport in the bosom of your Charge,
 Survey her Limbs and all her Charms ;
 And wanton in her Virgin Arms.

Be civil yet and have a care,
 You be'nt, too Saucy with my fair,

Your Rival I shall jealous grow,
 Nor can one eager touch allow ;
 You wildly rove, you kiss, embrace
 Her body and reflect her face.
 You're too Officious, and presume,
 To wander where you should not come,
 You croud too thick, you stay too long,
 You hurt her with your eager throng ;
 But warm her into Love and stay,
 It shall excuse your bold delay,
 Soften her frozen heart and Move,
 Zelinda's Soul to think of Love :
 Ah ! melt her brest, for pity, do,
 That I may be as blest as you.

To

TO

Corinna.

SAY, *Corinna*, do you find,
 Nothing in your bosom kind,
 Is it never less severe,
 Or d' ye never wish it were.
 Yes, I read it in your eyes,
 Hear it, know it by your sighs ;
 Sighs that gently steal their way,
 Tell me all that you should say,

Tell

Tell me when you seem serene,
 You're not always calm within ;
~~But~~ are vext with tumults there,
 Such as oft disturb the fair.

Say, *Corinna*, is it true ? }
 Say, for I'm a Lover too, }
 And can tell you what to do ; }
 He that's worthy to be blest,
 Should be first of Truth possest.

Young and constant he must be,
 Fixt like you and Fond like me,

One that all affronts can bear,
 Exil's, Jealousies, Despair ;
 One on whom you may depend ;
 For a Lover and a Friend,
 Plead not now for an excuse,
 Man does naught like this produce :

(27)

Justice, Madam, bids you see,
All these qualities in me.
Justice tells you I am He.

88

100

AN ENGLISH DRAMA
IN FIVE ACTS
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

TO A

GENTLEMAN

— — — O N H I S — — —

Being Jilted.

Jilted ! 'Tis strange that you who know,
 What women think as well as do,
 Should in your guesses be deceiv'd,
 But yet 'tis stranger you believ'd.
 Have not you often said that none,
 About this dam'd intriguing Town,

Could

Could scape your knowledge but you knew,
 How matters went and who Kept who;
 What Cit, or Worship, or my Lord,
 Allow'd for Lodgings, Pins, or board;
 What tricks the keeping fools were play'd;
 Where, when, by whom and how betray'd,
 Joint'rest, Sir, could yours destroy,
 ou still came in and shar'd the Joy.
 ut when you ^{so} pleas'd Keep your self,
 and throw away a little Pelf,
 our Mistress's were all so true,
 they would not touch a man but you :
 ---! After this 'tis something hard,
 hat others should be now prefer'd.
 it come, consider 'tis no more
 han Thousands have endur'd before ;

Consider

Consider this will be the Trade,
While such as sell their Love are paid,
And there are Cullyes to be had.
Whilst women, if they once begin
To wanton, doat upon the sin,
Whilst nature teaches them to cheat,
Or they find pleasure in deceit ;
In short, while men and women live,
The One will ask, the Other give.

TO

(31)

17. 1. 1812. — — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

TO

LUCINDA,

ON HER

Recovery from an Indisposition.

Heaven, *Lucinda*, could not long,
Suffer one so Fair and Young;
Little able to sustain,
All the injury of pain ;
To be toucht with a disease,
Which might interrupt her Ease,

Hea-

Heaven always guards the fair,
 Beauty's always heavens care.
 Yes, *Lucinda* is we find,
 Still the Same in face and mind.
 See her Beauties how they shine,
 Perfect all and all divine.
 See how each returning grace,
 Points her eyes and paints her face ;
 The Lilly and the rose succeed
 The sickly white and Glowing Red,
 Ah! but see that cruel Pride,
 Which we only wish had dy'd,
 Waits at every glance again,
 Little mortifi'd by Pain,
 Settles in her eyes and shows,
 Love and she will still be foes ;

Had

Had her Sickness with its smart
 Toucht and mollifi'd her Heart,
 Then her illness would have prov'd.
 Happy ills for such as Lov'd ;
 Had it made her undergo
 Half the Torments Lovers know,
 Pity would not now at least
 Have been a stranger to her Breast ;
 And pitty when it comes so near,
 Tells us Passion is not far,
 Unconcern'd at Health or Pain,
 Still she flatters her disdain,
 Ever fixt to be severe,
 See it Lovers and Despair

T H E

Respectful Lover.

MY Mistress is I own above
The humble proffer of my Love;
In Justice yet she must confess,
That nothing can disturb her less;
It never durst offend her Ear,
With what she is averse to hear :
But yielding to a just Despair,
'Tis modest still, as she is Fair ;
It wishes much, and none that see
Such Beauty are from Wishes free;

It

It hopes for little, naught requires,
 Nor yet discov'rd its desires;
 It dares not, or it knows not how,
 To tell her what she ought to know ;
 How long I have endur'd the Pain,
 To Loye, and wish, and not obtain ;
 To find my Passion is unknown,
 Or, what she sees she will not own,
 Or what she coldly may regard,
She thinks unworthy a Reward.

THE
Second ODE
OF
ANACREON.

Translated out of the Greek.

Nature for defence affords
Fins to Fish, and Wings to Birds,
Hoofs to Horses, Claws to Bears,
Swiftness to the fearful Hares,
To Man, their Master, Wit and Sense,
But what have Women for defence ? Beau-

Beauty is their Shield and Arms,
 Women's Weapons are their Charms;
 Beauties Weapons make us feel
 Deeper Wounds than those of Steel,
 Beauty kindles warm desires,
 Stronger than the fiercest Fires ;
 Strength and Wit before it fall,
 Beauty Triumphs over all.

*Written Extempore in a Young
Lady's Almanack.*

I.

THink, bright *Myrtilla*, when you see
The constant Changes of the Year,
That nothing is from Ruin free,
And Gayest things must disappear.

II.

Think of your Glories in their Bloom,
The Spring of Sprightly youth improve,
For cruel Age, alas ! will come,
And then 'twill be too late to Love.

T O

T O

Cleora.

I

Y
OU say you never think of Love,
Or know not what it is;
Nor ever had desires to prove
The sweetness of the bliss;

II.

'Tis true, you say't, and we believe,
However strange it seems,
You may not wish, but pray forgive,
If we mistrust your Dreams.

III.

A sleep your prejudice is gone,
 And nothing sow'rs the mind,
 Your wishes then apace come on,
 And force you to be kind.

IV.

The Angels who your slumbers guard,
 Your tender Breast inspire
 With Love, and Sing the dear reward
 Of every soft desire.

V.

But when you wake 'tis all forgot,
 The Vision flies away ;
 And in the Night what power it got,
 It looses in the day.

Your

VI.

Your Kindness is to shades cover'd,
And dies before the Light,
By day *Clear* then be kind,
Or be it ever night.

Out

OUT OF

PETRONIUS

An Imitation.

FRUITION is at best but short,
A silly fulsom fleeting sport,
Which when we've perfectly enjoy'd,
We're quickly weary, quickly cloy'd ;
Let's then no more pollute our Breasts,
With fires becoming only Beasts,
Or rush on pleasures, which when known,
We wish it never had been done :

hus, Oh ! thus let's lye and Kiss

ity away in bliss,

ouble here, or pain you'll find,

need you bluffer for being kind ;

Raptures, Cloe, never cease,

please us now, and still will please,

ne're decay as others do,

hus, Oh ! Thus are always now.

M

P

H

R

J

Out

THE HORN BOOK

BY JAMES C. COOPER

IN TWO VOLUMES

OUT OF PRINT

CATULLUS

Libia let us Live and Love,
 All our little time improve ;
 Mirth and Pleasure crown our daies,
 Spite of what the Dotard says,
 If the Suns may set, they rise
 Bright again, and gild the Skies.
 But our Day depriv'd of Light,
 Sleep succeeds, and endless night.
 Give me kisses, I am poor,
 An Hundred, now a Thousand more,
 Another hundred warm and close,
 Another thousand, press 'em thus ;

W]

(45)

When the thousands num'rous grow,
Is again that none may know
That you lend, or what I owe,
While I in gross with hast repay,
And kills Eternity away.

}

SONG

S O N G

Set by Mr. Akevoyde.

1

FYE *Caelis!* Scorn the little arts
Which meaner Beauties use,
~~Who think~~ they can't secure our Hearts,
Unless they still refuse,
Are coy and shy, will seem to frown
To raise our Passions higher;
But when the poor deceit is known,
It quickly palls desire.

II.

Come let's not trifle time away,

Or stop you know not why;

Your Blushes, and your Eyes betray

What Death you mean to dye:

Let all your maiden fears be gone,

And Love no more be croft,

Ah! Celia when the Joys are known,

You'll curse the Minute's lost.

SONG

SONG

Sung at York-Buildings.

Set by Mr. King:

If *Corinna* would but hear,
 What impatient Love could say,
 She would banish idle fear,
 And with ~~case~~ his Laws obey ;
 She would soon approve the Song,
 Like the Voice, and blefs the Tongue.

Since

II.

Since to Silence I'm confin'd,
Sighs and Ogles must declare,
What Torments my thoughtful mind;
How I wish, and how despair;
All the motions of my Heart,
Sighs and Ogles must impart.

E SONG

SONG

Set by Mr. Williams.

I.

When with *Flavia* I am toying,
 She with little sports gives o're,
 Kissing is not half Enjoying,
 Youth and Passion covet more ;
 Every touch methinks should move her,
 And to dearer Joys invite,
 When she knows how much I Love her,
 And is fond of the delight.

Oh!

II.

Oh, I see her young and tender,
 Feel her Lips with passion warm,
 See her ready to surrender,
 When her fears dissolve the Charm:
 Banish *Flavia*! all suspicion,
 All your sullen doubts destroy,
 Trust me, there's no worse condition,
 Than to wish and not Enjoy.

S O N G

Set by Mr. King.

I.

Those arts which common Beauty's move,
 Corinna, you despise ;
 You think there's nothing wise in Love,
 Or Eloquent in Sighs.
 You laugh at Ogle, Cant, and Song,
 And promises abuse,
 But say-- for I have courted long,
 What methods shall I use.

We

II.

We must not praise your Charms and Wit,
 Nor talk of Dart and Flame ;
 But sometimes you can think it fit
 To smile at what you blame.
 Your Sex's forms, which you disown,
 Alas ! You can't forbear,
 But in a minute smile and frown,
 Are tender and severe.

III.

Corinna, let us now be free,
 No more your Arts persue,
 Unless you suffer me to be
 As whimsical as you.

At last the vain dispute desist,
To Love resign the Field ;
Twas custom forc'd you to resist,
And custom bids you yield.

Epigram

On a pert, slovenly Satyrist.

PRITHEE *W*—*s* don't write Satire,
 Thou know'ft nothing of the matter ;
 If thou would'ft be wise and dapper,
 Keep clean thy Face and *eke* thy paper.

Some Epigrams

O F

B O I L E A U's

Imitated.

IN Vain, my foes have try'd a thousand ways
 To rob my Verses of their little praise ;
 But if the Fools would easily prevail,
 Let P--- own my Works, they cannot fail.

Another.

Another.

Pit me, *Sergeant*, I'm uadone,
 To morrow comes my Tryal on ;
 Ritter comes out, and you will fee
 With the same Cannon he will roar,
 Which mawl'd poor *Shakespear* heretofore ;
 And now comes thundring down on me.
 'Tis done ! my fatal hour is come,
 Not that my Muse can find her doom,
 In any thing that he has said ;
 But yet to Answer him, my friend,
 The task would ne're be at an end,
 Alas ! the Critick must be read.

Another

Another.

AS I walk't by th' *Exchange*, I heard a
brisk Fop
Disputing one day in my Bookseller's Shop,
That *Benniont* to *Burnet* had never reply'd,
And the *Casel* to *Dick Parker* was left to be try'd.
Yes, Sirs, it was Printed, I've reason to know,
Cries *Dick*, let me see, 'twas some 3 years ago ;
He added, beyond all dispute to remove it,
He'd bring 'em an hundred fair Copies to
prove it.

Nay, quoth I, coming up, 'tis too many, you're
out,
I ne're heard the Book went so often about ;
You say right, Sir, says he, you may prove it
your self,
Look up, there's an hundred and more on my
Shelf.

T H E

THE
 Seventh Satire
 OF
 BOILEAU,

English'd.

NO more, my Musc, since Satire don't
 prevail,
 Let's change our Stile for once, and cease to rail;
 'Tis an ill Trade, and we have often found,
 Instead of giving, we receive the wound.
 Many a poor Poet, by his Rage inflam'd,
 Has mist his aim, and seen his Writings damn'd,
 And

And where, perhaps, he thought he rally'd best,
 Some surly Rogue has drub'd him for the jest.
 A tedious Panegerick coldly wrote,
 Is bundl'd up, and may at leisure rot :
 It fears no Censures, differing or unjust,
 And has no Enemies but moth and dust.
 But such malitious Authors are not safe,
 Who laugh themselves, and make their Readers
 Laugh ;
 Whom when we Read, we blame, yet still read
 on,
 Who think that all is Lawful they have done,
 And can't, alas ! their merry Fits forego,
 Tho' every grin engages them a foe.
 A Poem soon offends, if too severe,
 For each will think he sees his Image there ;
 And he who reads it, may applaud your Art,
 Yet Curses, Fears, and Hates you ^{from} form his Heart.

Forget

Forget it then, my Muse, and change thy strain,
 The Itch of Satire makes thee write in vain ;
 Go learn to Praise, and search among the Throng
 Of Hero's, one deserving of thy Song ;
 But oh ! For what would I thy Spirits raise,
 I scarce can blunder out a Rhime for praise ;
 As soon as I indeavour thus to rise,
 My fancy flags, and all my fury dies,
 I scratch my Head, I bit my Nails in vain,
 For all this mighty Labour of my Brain,
 Brings nothing less unnatural abroad,
 Than *Blackmore's* Poem, or than C——'s Ode,
 I think I'm rack'd when Praises must be wrote,
 My Pen resists me, and my Paper blots ;
 But when I am to rail my thoughts are fir'd,
 Then, only then, I know I am Inspir'd.
 As soon as I invoke, *Apollo* hears,
 The God is ready still to grant my Pray'rs :
I think

I think with pleasure, and I write with ease,
 My Words, my Numbers, and the Subject please.
 Were I to Paint the Rascal of the Town,
 My Hand, before I think, writes T——r down.
 Were I to mark you out a perfect Sot,
 My Pen points presently to M——ot:
 I find my Genius with my Wit agrees,
 To mawl a trifling Rhimer as I please,
 My Verse comes breaking like a Tempest down,
 At once you meet with B-y, Banks and Crown;
 With T--n, G--n, P--, Durfey, Brown,
 And for one scribbling Blockhead I have nam'd;
 I find a Thousand more stand ready to be
 damn'd.
 In Triumph then my Fury hastens on,
 And I in private joy at what is done;
 In vain amidst its course I would engage,
 To stop the Impetuous Torrent of my Rage;
 In

In vain, I would at least some persons spare,
 My Pen strikes all, and will not one forbear.
 When the mad Fit has master'd me, you know
 What follows—Fly,—if you would miss the
 Blow.

Merit, however, I will always prize,
 But Fools provoke me, and offend my Eyes :
 I follow 'em as a Dog pursues his Prey,
 And bark when e're I smell 'em in my way :
 I know, to say no more, if Wit is scarce,
 To gingle out a Rhyme, or tag a Verse :
 Or Cobbie wretched Prose to numerous Lines :
 There, if I have a Genius, there it shines.
 Thus tho' ev'n Death, with all the Fears he
 brings,
 Were hov'ring o're to seize me in his ghastly
 Wings ;

The

Tho Heaven secur'd me in a lasting Peace,
 With all the City Pomp, or Countrey Ease :
 Tho the whole world should think themselves
 abus'd,
 At what my Pen had in its rage produc'd ;
 Yet merry, melancholly, rich or Poor,
 I should not cease to Rhime, but write the more,
 Poor Muse, I pity thee, some Pop will say,
 Cease your Resentments, and your Heats allay,
 The fool you publish in an angry mood,
 May quench this chit of Satire in your Blood :
 But why ? When *Horace* and *Lucilius* shew
 What wit in Vertues Quarrel ought to do,
 The Vapours of their Choller thus exhal'd,
 Their Satire faught for Vertue, and prevail'd
 With all the Transports of a Noble Rage,
 They baffl'd and unmask'd the Vices of the Age :

Why ?

Why ! When the furious Pen of *Juvenal*
 Ran o're with Floods of Bitterness and Gall,
 Insulting freely o're the *Roman* Crimes,
 And lashing all the Follies of the Times,
 Yet safely to the Last the Wits did rave,
 Not one of them was cudgell'd to his grave,
 Why then should I a Coxcomb's anger fear ?
 Where do's my manner or my name appear ?
 I don't, like *W*--, Impudently great,
 With Rhimes and Satires every fool I meet,
 Or tumble o're my Verses in the Street. }
 Sometimes indeed, yet what I always dread,
 Where Satire pleases, I am forc'd to read,
 Where, if they praise the work I often see,
 They Laugh a *loud* at that, and *Low* at me ;
 Perhaps I'm pleas'd with what they disapprove,
 And will, in short, still follow what I Love ;

For when a pleasant Thought is once my own,
I am not easie till I write it down ;
When with a sacred Fury I am seiz'd,
I can't resist whoever is displeas'd.
Enough--- No more of this--- let's breath a while,
My Hand at last grows weary of the Toil,
'Tis time, my Muse, to end so harsh a strain,
Enough--- to morrow we'll begin again.

THE
Second Satire

OF
BOILEAU,

English'd.

Inscrib'd to Mr. — — —

O Happy Wit! whose rare and fruitful
Vein,

In writing still is ignorant of pain,

For whom *Apollo* opens every store,
 Shews you his Mines, and helps you to the Ore,
 Who knows so well, in the disputes of Wit,
 Where sometimes to Defend, and where to hit;
 Teach me, Great Master of your Art, to Rhime,
 To spare my Study, and to save my time ;
 Where're you please, the happy Rhimes attend,
 And wait your Summons at the Verses end ;
 They ne're perplex you, but observe your pace,
 And where you want, you find them in their
 place ;
 Whilst I, whom Caprice, Vanity and Whim ;
 Have for my Sins, I fear condemn'd to Rhime,
 Rack my poorthoughts in such attempts as these,
 And sweat in vain for what you find with ease.
 When the fit takes me, oft from Morn to Night
 I study hard, but scribble Black for White,

To draw the Picture of a perfect Beau,
 The Rhime obliges me to name *B*— ;
 To name an Author of the first degree,
 Reason's for *Dryden*, but the Rhime for *Lee* ;
 Vext at these difficulties, I give o're,
 Sad, weary and confus'd, resolve to write no
 more ;

I curse the Spright, with which I am possest,
 And swear to drive the *Demon* from my Breast ;
 In vain I curse *Apollo* and the Nine,
 They quickly tempt me from my late design ;
 My Fire's rekindle, I retake my Pen,
 And spite of all my Curses, write again ;
 My Oaths forgot, my Paper I resume,
 From Verse to Verse attending what will come.
 If for a Rhime, my Muse in such a fit,
 Would frigid words and Epithites permit,

Or take the next I meet, and tack 'em on,
 To piece a Line, 'tis what the rest have done ;
 To praise a *Phillis* for a thousand Charms ;
 The next verse shews the Poet *in her Arms* ;
 When *Cloris* is inform'd how much he *Loves*,
 The Rhime informs you that *she cruel proves* :
 When he would talk of *Stars* or *glittering Skies*,
 Will he not think of *Celia's sparkling Eyes* ?
Celia, Heavens Master-piece, " *Divinely Fair*,
 The Rhime makes *Celia* *still without compare* ;
 With all these shining words by chance com-
 pos'd,
 The *Noun* and *Verb* an hundred times transpos'd.
 How many Poems could I, piece by piece,
 Stitch to my own, and fill a Book with ease.
 But when I write ——————
 My Judgment trembling at the choice of words,
 Not one improper to the sense affords ?
 It

It ne're allowsthat an insipid Phrase,
Should jostle in to fill a vacant place,
But Writes, and adds, and razes what is done,
And in four words it seldom passes one.
Curse on the Man, who in a senseless fit,
To Rhimes and Numbers first confin'd his wit,
And giving to his words a narrow bound,
First lost his Reason for an empty sound:
Had I ne're Travell'd in such dangerous ways,
No Pains nor Envy had disturb'd my days;
But o're my Bottle with a Jeft and Song,
My pleafant Minutes would have rowl'd along,
Like a Fat Prebend, careless and at Ease,
Content and Lazy, I had liv'd in peace,
Slept well at Night, and loiter'd all the Day.
From Passion ever free, and ever gay;
Then limiting th' Ambition of my mind,
I had not courted Fortune to be kind,

Despising all her Pomp, I should have known,
 No state of Life more happy than my own ;
 Then fond of Rest, and negligent of Fame,
 I had ne're gone to Court to get a Name,
 But liv'd in private, and in full delight,
 If no Malitious Power had made me write.
 From the sad hour this frenzy first began,
 With its black Vapours to molest my Brain,
 That some cross *Dæmon*, Jealous of my Ease ;
 Flatter'd my Muse, she had the Power to please,
 Nail'd to my Works, and adding something new,
 Or razing out, or still on the Review,
 Still in this wretched Trade I pass my days.
 So low, that B ---- can my Envy raise,
 Oh ! happy B ---- thy Prodigious Muse,
 Huge Books of Verse can in a year produce.

True,

True—Rude and Dull, to some she gives offence,
 And seems Created in despite of sense ;
 Yet she will find whatever we have said,
 Both Sots to Print her Works, and Fools to read.
 If thy verse Jingle with a lucky Rhime,
 Ne're mind the Thought, but Prosecute the
 Chime:

Unhappy those who would to Sense confine
 Their Verse, and Genius will with Method joyn,
 Since Fools have all the pleasure, who dispence
 With Art in writing, and despise the Sense,
 Who always Fond of what they last brought
 forth,
 Admire their skill, and wonder at their worth;
 While Wits sublime their utmost Fancies stretch,
 To get those heights at last they cannot reach ;

And

And discontented still at what they write,
 Can't please themselves, when others they
 delight ;
 What all the World applaud they scarce will
 own,
 And wish for their repose it was undone.
 You then, who see the ills my Muse endures,
 Shew me a way to Rhime, or teach me yours,
 But least I should in vain your care implore,
 Teach me Oh ! ---- how to Rhime no more.

To

T O

Dr. Turberville

Of *Salisbury*.

WHAT was but little, or but faintly
known,

IN former Ages, ripens in our own,
The sacred Art which we did once believe ;
Too much for man to ask, or Heaven to give,
The bounteous God at last to you reveals,
Directs your skill, and as you use it, Heals.
Of old, when thick Suffusion veil'd the sight,
'Twas Darknes all, and ever during night ;
The

The wretch despair'd, and sought no more for
Aid,

But yeilded to the Horror of the shade;
You quickly now the Solid Clouds dispel,
The fogs disperse, the rising Vapours Quell;
You force, you melt, you drive the mists away,
And shew the Ravish'd Patient, Glad som Day;
The Sun before with useles Lustre shin'd,
On half the World, for they, Alas ! were blind.

Till his full Empire was by you restor'd,
And Man receiv'd the Blessing he Impor'd,
Lookt on the Light, beheld it and Ador'd.

Pretenders, tho they do not understand,
Their Art, by chance, may have a Lucky hand ;
Yet if one sees amongst a thousand Blind
They strive to help, we think their fortune
kind.

But

But when you touch, you give a certain cure,
 Speedy and Gentle, as the methods sure ;
 Like Fate you Doom, and where you promise
 Light,
 The Patient rises from the threatened Night ;
 Or sinks beyond the hopes of human care,
 When Heaven and you confine him to Despair.
 A common Knowledge weak Distempers cures,
 But great are left, for such advice as yours ;
 And fam'd Physicians for a known disease,
 Start at the Wonders you perform with ease,
 To you the Blind in every case repair,
 The Old, the Young, the Ugly and the Fair ;
 In all their wants, your Judgments you Display,
 The Old grow strong, and the unhandsom Gay ;
 Their Sight by you defended from the rage
 Of sickness, force, of Accident and Age.

Even

Ev'n Beauty is indebted to your aid,
 For many of the Conquests it has made ;
 Those Eyes where Love before in triumph ~~sate~~,
 Remov'd, we thought above the rage of ~~sate~~,
 Wore once the Tokens of a rude Disease,
 And scarce had left the little charm to please ;
 Hopeless of help, from any other powers,
 To you they come, and find relief by yours :
 At your command the Vapours disappear,
 The Clouds are scatter'd, and the Sight is clear ;
 Their Eyes shake off the Burthen of the Night,
 And break thro all, with the returning Light,
 With vast success they reassume their ~~sate~~,
 As the Sun rises Brighter than he ~~sate~~.
 New Graces, in those radiant Circles move,
 And what before we pity'd, now we Love,

With

With grateful Souls your Wonders they Pro-
claim ;

They wish, you were Immortal as your Fame ;
But Nature shortly will we fear decline,
And Death succeed to make you more Divine,
Oh ! Could our Pray'rs th' Almighty pow'r
Engage ;

To spare you yet below another Age ;
Another still we should be apt to crave,
And scarce consent to yield you to the Grave ; }
Whilst Darkness spreads, and there are men
to save :

For robb'd of you, they must Embrace their
Doom,

And Grope for ever in a Starless Gloom.

To

T O A

Young Lady

Who Commanded me

To write Satire.

YOur Sex, *Lucinda*, other Theams should
choose,

And not impose such hardships on a Muse,

Who ne'r durst venture, yet on nobler flights,
Than those which every common Rheimer
writes;

Fields,

Feilds, flowry Meadows, shady Woods and
Groves,

The Nymphs diversions, and the Shepherds
Loves.

But now you bid me change an Idle tale,
To stretch my Voice and use my self to Rail.
A thousand wrongs provoke me to the Fight
And what is more, *Lucinda* bids me write,
My Coward Muse yet durst not trust her wings;
And only what she can with safety, sings ;
She knows that *Satire* is a dangerous course,
And calls for wit, sublimity and force.
That ev'ry *Scribler* ought not to engage,
To fall on vice with despicable rage ;
For vertue suffers by the vain pretence,
When Fools affect to draw in its defence ;
When such as by their Spleen and Choller fir'd,
On every Whim shall think themselves Inspir'd.

Who rob, the Markets, Billingsgate and Stews,
 Of names, and terms, and Curses which they
 use,

Or furnish'd by their breeding with enough
 Of such base matter and *Plebeian* stuff,
 Publish their senseless Ribaldry for Rage,
 And pass the cheat on a believing Age.

Thus we have known a strange uneasy fool,
 Come snarling up to Town from *Country School*,
 Fall on the World with Impudence and Noise,
 And as much freedom as he *Whipt* his Boys ;
 None in his Brutal passion he could spare,
 Ev'n *Vertues* self his insolence must bear,
 Nor aw'd, nor temper'd, by a form so bright,
 He grew incens'd and sickn'd at the sight ;
 Disgorg'd his fury and devulg'd his shame,
 The Mob approv'd it, and the Sot had Fame.

You

You know, *Eurinda*, we by *Satire* mean,
 No course *Laumpoor* uncivil or obscene,
 Where a vile Wit shall nauseous railing use,
 Or to his passion prostitute his Muse ;
 A Libeller might then pretend to sense,
 Whose only property is Impudence ;
 Then common Whores for scolding we should
 praise.

And Carmen have a Title to the Bayes,
 No---*Satire* will in brighter Colours shine,
 Her form is Dreadful, but 'tis all Divine,
 In her true shape, she always will appear,
 Just and Impartial as she is severe ;
 The Court and State to her Remarks be long,
 She will but seldom touch a private wrong,
 Unless th' Example should be understood,
 Or private Errors threaten publick good.
 But where of Late in *England* can we find,
 A Bard of such a vast extended mind ?

Who, scorning Loss of fortune or of blood,
 Dares venture boldly for the common good ;
 Whose Genius, fits him for the great design,
 Where strength with Grace and Majesty shall
 joyn;

One justly raving, and Correctly Mad,
 To raise the *Good* and Mortify the *Bad* ?
 Since *Dryden* will, or must not speak at least,
 There are None now, None like to be possest,
 No Pens rise up in Injur'd merits cause,
 And Mine must never be the first that draws.
 Let Love be still the subject of my Song,
 For Love's the proper business of the Young,
 Ah ! suffer me to tread the beaten ways,
 Where I find pleasure, if I meet no praise.

T W O

*Letters of Voiture Translated ;
With other occasional Letters.*

To Mr. Gourdon at London.

SIR,

I Have had more Leisure than I desir'd, to send you what you demanded of me at parting ; and the *Winds*, instead of carrying away my promise, have given me time to keep it. They have already detain'd me here this eight days. It would certainly have been very tedious if I had not brought those Thoughts with me from *London*, which will entertain me yet a great while longer. I'll assure you, you have your share of them, and that my best Thoughts are still employ'd about you, or about *those Things* which I saw by your means.

G 3

You

You may well mistrust that I am not now talking of the *Tower*, or the *Lyons*, which you were pleased to shew me. In one person only, you made me see a greater Treasure than I found there ; and One who is at the same time more *Cruel* than even the *Lyons* or the *Leopards*. After all this, you will quickly perceive 'tis the *Countess* of *Carlile*, of whom I am speaking. For there is none besides her, of whom I can say so much Good, and so much Ill. Whatever danger there is in rememb'ring her, I have not yet been able to forbear it. And to be sincere, I would not part with the Idea I have of her in my Breast, for all that I have seen of what is most Fair, or most desirable in the World. I must confess she is all over a very Bewitching Lady ; and there would not be a person under Heaven so worthy to be *Below'd*, if she knew what *Love* was, or if her Soul were but as *Sensible*, as it is *Reasonable*.

We can say nothing of her in the condition we know her, but that she is the most *Lovely* of all things which are not good, and the most agreeable Poyson that ever Nature made. I fear her Wit so much, that I was once resolv'd not to let you have the Verses I send you ; for I know she distinguishes in all things, what is Good and what is ill, and that the Goodness which ought to be in her Will, is wholly confid' to her Judgment. I shall be little concern'd

cern'd if she condemns them ; they are not worthy of a better fortune ; they were made before I had the Honour to know Her ; and I should be sorry if had, till now, *prais'd* or *blam'd* any one to Perfection, since I reserve both the one and the other for her.

As to you, Sir, I will not make any Excuse, I pretead you are very much oblidg'd to me, and ought to take it kindly that you have been able to perswade me to send you some bad Verses. I can assure you 'tis the only Copy I ever writ twice over ; And if you know how Lazy I am, you will reckon my Obedience in this, no small proof of the Power you have over me, and of the Passion, with whch I would be,

Dover, Decemb.
4th. 1633.

Sir, &c.

T O

Madam S A I N T O T,

Sent with an

Orlando Furioso.

THIS, *Madam*, is certainly the Noblest Adventure of *Orlando*. For now that he has the Honour to Kiss your Hands, he performs something more for his own Glory, than when he forc'd Scepters from the hands of Kings, and alone, defended the Crown of *Charles the Great*. The Title of *Furioso*, with which he has past all over the World, ought not to deter you from doing him that Honour. For I am confident, that in approaching you, he will become more Discreet, and as soon as he sees you, will forget his

his *Angelica*. At least this I know by Experience, that you have wrought a greater Miracle than this, and with one Word have Cur'd a Folly more dangerous than his. And indeed 'twould be more Improbable than any thing *Ariosto* has told us of him, if he were not sensible of the Advantage you have over that Lady ; and if he did not confess, that she would never have so much need, as in your presence to fly to the Assistance of her Enchanted Ring. All the *Famous Knights* in the World were not proof against the Charms of that Beauty. She never struck the Eyes of any, but at the same time she wounded an Heart, and Inflam'd with her Love, as many Parts of the World, as the Sun Enlightens ; yet that Beauty was but a Picture ill Drawn of the wonderful Things we admire in you.

All the Colours of Poetry cannot Paint you so Fair as we behold you ; nor can the Imagination of Poets reach to such a height. The Chambers of Chrystral and the Palaces of Diamonds, which you will read of here, are far more easy to be imagin'd. And the Enchantments of *Amadis*, which appear to you so Incredible, are hardly more Incredible than your Own. At the first sight, to seize upon Souls the most Resolute, and the least made for Virtue ; to Create in them a sort of Love, which is sensible of Reason and Ignorant both of Hope and Desire ; to Transport with Pleasure

sure and Glory, the Minds of those from whom you have Ravish't Repose and Liberty, and to render those perfectly satisfied with you, to whom you never were but Cruel. These are effects more strange and more distant from Probability, than the *Hippogrifes* and flying Chariots of *Ariosto*, or any of the most Admirable things *Romances* tell us of. If I shou'd continue this Discourse, I shou'd make a Book larger than this I send you. But this Cavalier, who is not us'd to give place to any Man, is impatient to see me Address you so long, and therefore Advances to Raccount you himself the History of his *Amours*. 'Tis a Favour which you have often refus'd to me. Yet I suffer him to do it without Jealousy, tho' he is so much happier than I, since he has promis'd me, in return, to present you with these Lines, and oblige you to read them before any thing else.

This is an Enterprise which requires a Courage equal to his, to undertake, and yet I am doubtful how it will succeed with him; however, methinks 'tis but just, that since I give him the Means to Entertain you with his Passion, he shou'd acquaint you with something of Mine, and that amongst so many Fables he should inform you of some Truths. I know you will not always be inclin'd to hear them; tho' since you

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you are to be Touch't by none of them, and
that my respect is too much a Trifle to move
your Resentment, there can be no great Dan-
ger in letting you know, that I esteem you
alone above all the rest of the World : To com-
mand which, I should not be so Proud, as to O-
bey you.

I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.

T O

T O

Mr. W A L T E R

At ROME.

WE admir'd we heard nothing from you in a long time ; but by your last we perceive you were making a Tour from *Rome* to *Naples*, and kept us in suspence during your absence from *Rome*, that you might make us more happy when you came back, in a Discription of what you saw at *Naples*. You remember, Sir, how often I envy'd you the Happiness you were going to Enjoy in the prospect of those Delicious Countries, which gave birth to the best Muses of Antiquity. I have since often wish'd my self with you in your Pilgrimage to *Virgils* Tomb. But

But now we can hear of your being at *Rome*, *Naples*, *Mantua*, *Verona*, &c. without the least Emulation. We could no longer have any satisfaction in treading those paths which were before trod by *Catullus*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*. For a Person of good Quality has assur'd us, the Ancients were a parcel of thoughtless, inusty Fellows ; that *Virgil* can hardly pass on him for a good maker of Ditties, and his *Georgicks* are fit only for Plow-men and Drovers. That *Horace* must give place to Mr. D--y ; but truly *Catullus* had a pretty merry way with him, tho' we have a great many People of Quality who are more Gay, and understand Delicacy, Love and Gallantry much better.

I think you never design'd to go so far as the *Mores*, or to pay a Visit to Old *Athens* ; and 'tis well you did not give your self that trouble. The *Greeks* have utterly lost their Reputation ; you would not have been respected a whit the more for breathing over the Ashes of *Sophocles*, *Euripides* and *Menander*. *Homer's Achillis*, is no more to us now, than a *Don Bellianis*, and *Theocritus* is oblidg'd to Veil the Bonnet to some of our *Sawneys* and *Jockeys*.

But if this Honourable Critick has been so severe with the Ancients, he is wondrous kind to the Moderns. He has secur'd Prince *Arthur's* Reputation, and thinks it, at least, fit to be compar'd with *Milton's Paradise Lost*. ! We must confess

"Prince Arthur" a Poem by M^r Re. Blackmore

confess the Poem stands fair in the Opinion of some honest, well-meaning Gentlemen. But you will never forgive any Man, by what Name or Title soever Dignifi'd or Distinguish'd, who shall draw such Paralels between Dr. B--- and Mr. Milton.

^{more} The Dr. is not the only Poet who is happy in the good Graces of this Nice Gentleman; he has taken on him to Praise Mr. C--- who, he says, has Matter enough about him to make ten *Virgils*; and to shew you he is no Niggard, he throws you in a *Theocritus*, into the bargain: You have often agreed with me, that Mr. C--- has a great deal of Merit, and you know we were very glad the Town treated it so civilly at its first appearance, especially in an Age, when People seem to have lost their Relish in Poetry: But you will not consent to every thing, the Person of Honour has said on this Subject. Neither, I suppose, will Mr. C--- be oblidg'd to one who shall Print his Panegyrick with a Libel on *Virgil*.

Thus in a moment the Moderns have got the start of the Ancients: You have Travell'd to a fine purpose; most of the Advantages you proposed to your self by it, are destroy'd, since what can be more Ungrateful to us now, than the Names of those Great Men, who made a Figure in the Days of *Augustus*? But for your comfort, there are some of us that get secretly into

a corner and Read over *Virgil* and *Horace*, with the same pleasure and admiration, which like an innocent Man, you may think they still deserve. We will with joy hear you Discourse of the little Remains you saw of them, and if you could bring us the least Relick of them, we would find out some place private enough to Adore it, inspite of the ill treatment they meet with.

After I have said so much of these late *Criticisms*, and of the affairs of Wit and Learning, you may expect a little News from the *Theatre*; you hear the Town gives Encouragement to two Stages, and there is the oddest Emulation amongst 'em that can be Imagin'd. For instead of striving who shall get the best Plays, they are both Industrious to secure the worst; The Old House had for a while in this the Advantage of the New; for they got Mr--- amongst them; but the New scorn'd to be out done by such Youngsters, and engag'd Mr----, tho' perhaps you don't think Mr. D---- is less intollerable than the other Play Wright. However, for true substantial Dulness in Tragedy, the New House has indisputably the better of 'em; no Man must in this, pretend to Rival Mr. B--- who has at last convinc'd us he is capable of writing a Play more Insipid than any of his former. Thus between the two Houses we are every week presented with a New *Monster*; I think they

they ought to hang out the Picture of it, that we may see how we like it before we Enter; 'tis what others, in the same case, make a Conscience of.

The Old House about two Months ago, made amends for the fatigues of a whole Winter; they gave us *Oroonoko*, a Tragedy, written by Mr. *Southern*, with as much purity and force, as any we have yet had from that Great Man. I can't say 'tis Regular enough, but had it been more Correct, we should not easily have known which of Mr. *Otways* Plays to prefer before it. The New House, to shew they can be as Complaisant sometimes, as the Old, presented us lately with a tolerable good Comedy, call'd, *Lovers Luck*, written by a Gentleman in the Army: I saw it once, and tho I dare not vindicate it, I think 'tis the best of the kind we have had since you left us.

You tell me you did not give me a larger Description of what you saw Remarkable at *Naples*, &c. it being big enough for a Volume; you see I don't consider this when I write to my Friends, I wish you may as easily excuse the length of this, as I would pardon such a freedom in you. I wish you may enjoy a thousand pleasures in the Carnival which you are to pass at *Venice*, and when that is over, let me tell you, there are no Excuses which ought to keep you any longer from us. I am, &c.

Lond. Jan. 21. 1695:

TO

T O

N. B---, Esq;

At ENFIELD.

I Receiv'd from you lately a very Sententious and Grave Epistle suitable indeed to the importance and dignity of the Subject, being in Praife of Matrimony ; but why you should Address such a Discourse to me of all Mankind, is what, at firſt, I could not easily comprehend. You know very well I was never one of those *Witty Gentlemen* who are always railing at Women and Marriage, as ſome People make Speeches againſt the Court, with a design to get Places there. I find the Trick miscarries fo often, and fee fo many of these Satirists

H

Live

Live with the scandal of old Batchelors, that I am resolv'd to make my Peace with the Fair as soon as possible.

You were not wholly Ignorant of this disposition of mine, when you wrote your Letter ; and on serious consideration of your proceedings, I must tell you plainly, that unless you had some further design in it, you would have thrown away a great deal of very good Morality, abundance of fine Sayings, and Quotations to no purpose in the World. They had been all lost on me, for I was as fully perswaded before of what you say, as I believe you to be sincere when you writ it. However, I am surpris'd at your excellent Temper and Moderation, for upon some accounts I should have sooner expected from you a Satire, than a Panegirick on a Marri'd Life ; and when you speak well of it, it must be confess you shew your self the most impartial, and freeest from Prejudice of any Man, since your own Provocations cannot tempt you to speak against your Conscience.

This Letter of yours, were it to be Publish'd, and your Circumstances a little better known, were enough to convert some of our most obstinate Marriage-haters ; they would see here a person who has suffer'd from Marriage the injury of Relations, and the inconvenience of a Wife, yet offering himself to Vindicate it to

the

the last. This would be a stronger Argument for it, than any of those you have us'd to me, and they would be apt to fancy there are those Secret pleasures in this blessed state, perhaps in the disturbances of it, which none know but such as are in it.

My Friend Mr. Oldmixon has seen your Letter, and joins with me in admiring the Sagacity of it ; he is no Marriage-hater I assure you, but what, he says, makes him wonder most, is that being sensible how *vexatious* it must be to have a *Wife* out of her *Wits*, you should still preserve your own, and that being deni'd the priviledg of a Husband, you should never take the liberties of a Batchelour; in this he thinks you might have some relief, if you were not so well contented, and so much in Love with your Condition ; And you must certainly be very well pleas'd with it, when you are always tempting others to Conform to the Doctrine of Matrimony, unless, as we are told in some other cases; you design to betray us into the noose, that you may have Companions in your Misfortune, and laugh at the mischief you have done. And you give me, Sir, some reasons to mistrust your intention at the close of your Letter, when you recommend the ill Natur'd Lady to me for a Mistress. I cannot help suspecting that you

would be very glad to have me as near your own Circumstances as possible, when the choice you have made for me so nearly resembles that which you were pleas'd to make for your self.

Well, Sir, I agree to your sage Councils, and will give you the Honour of making me a Convert, since you seem so much to affect it ; tho I assure you, I was far from being in a necessity of your Admonition in this matter, and to speak my mind freely, if I had not been prepossess'd before with an ill Opinion of my present state, your Reasons would not have had so compleat a Victory, as you may now boast of ; the fine froward Lady you wish me to, might have still liv'd without a Servant, and have lost a very pretty opportunity to show her Talent at Scolding : I wish to God you could change that fault of hers, for any other. I can never beat it out of my Head, but there must be a great deal of plague in Noise, Peevishnes, &c. tho you know best indeed how far that is tollerable ; and I am resolv'd to take the Advice of People of Experience.

Bring me then to my Mistriss, as soon as you please ; secure me in all her other Fair En-

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Endowments ; give me your promise that I
shall clear my self of my Spouse, as easily as
you got rid of yours, and see if I am not
her, and,

Lond. Jan. 30.
1696.

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

T. S.

H 3

T O

TO

Mr. Freeman.

SIR,

IF I were, of all Men, the most Extravagant and Whimsical, you, who were once guilty of the same weaknesses, should be the last to Condemn me, since the Passion that robs me of my Reason, has before had the same effects on your self; you have been long enough blest by it, to forget its former Injuries; and were I to be as happy in my Love, as you have been in yours, I would give you no more cause to complain of my being troublesome, or disturbing our Conversation with *Sighs, Groans, Rants, and an Innumerable multitude of Complaints, &c.*

I mistrust,

I mistrust, indeed, there are a great many persons in the World who would believe me a very improper Man to make a Husband, were they to see me in some of those fits which you Advise me to be Cur'd of. But these are persons who never felt the Power of Love. 'Tis true, they are *Husbands*, and we ought to suppose that all in those Circumstances were first in *Mine*. We ought to suppose it, if we did not see every day, that a Man may easily be an *Husband*, without being a *Lover*, or concerning himself any farther about his Mistress, than adjusting her Portion, and Compounding the Settlement. There are your *Modern Husbands*, and your *Modern Lovers*; and this is the reason why the Age is so plentifully Stock'd with a sort of Animals, which the Antients us'd to shew for Monsters, as we would now a *Rhinoceros*, or an *Unicorn*. But thanks to our Stars, Custom has prevail'd on us to look on them with less Astonishment; and even our Children can now play with them, without being Frighted.

I know

I know some Men, who if they were to Marry, I should suspect they would serve their Wives, as a Friend of mine does his Books, lay them on the Shelf, and never touch them, but when they lye so much in his way that he cannot escape them: who when ever he favours an Author so far as to bring him into his Closet; we know presently he never intends to Read him. But we that are his Friends are ashame'd to see a good Library grow mouldy for want of use, and tumble it over, as freely as if it were our own Property.

The negligence and disrespect of the generality of Husbands would be prevented, if People were never to Marry before they give sufficient proofs of their Passion, and that Interest is not the only Reason of their Engagements: Or if the Proofs we give did not lye under the scandal of false Evidences, which you seem to Accuse me of: There are, I confess, in Love, as well as Religion, a Crowd of False Pretenders; and those who talk most of their Sincerity, are most

to

to be suspected. The Enthusiasts in both Cases are to be seldom Trusted: But though we meet with several Instances of their Trenchery, we should not censure all of them for Hippocrites, since we must own, that such as are most Devout, will some times be oblidg'd to discover their Flames: And by their Warmth and Gesture we may Distinguish very often the True Zeal from the Affected.

You may consider then how far I am to be believ'd; and I could almost dare you to declare publickly, whether you don't think my Extravagance and Unreasonableness (as you term it) are the most Lawful and Reasonable of any you ever met with; or whether they ever gave you cause to mistrust that I Dissembled? Or whether, when you Reflect on the Advantages *Corinna* has above all other Women, you do not Excuse me for Loving her to such an Extremity?

This, Sir, I think you must in Justice declare, and then I shall never repent me of a folly which brings me so many Satisfactions, nor desire to be Cur'd, but by

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by the same Remedies which succeeded
on you; and I dare you further to Pub-
lish whether in the height of my Di-
straction, I forgot once my Duty to
my Friends.

I am,

January, 17.
1695.

Sir, &c.

J. O.

T O

TO

Dr. M----n.

SIR,

I Am of your Opinion, that Mr. ~~Con-~~
~~ley~~ succeeded better in his *Anacreontiques*, than in his other Poems. But he Affected to have a Universal Genius, and that may be the Reason why so great a Wit has left us so Little that is Excellent : We find in all his Writings a Luxuriant Fancy ; but 'tis every where Crowded with trivial Points and Turns; the one sometimes very unnatural, & the

the other seldom truly Delicate: Tho you Commanded me to give you my Opinion on his *Anacreontiques*, you did not desire me to say any thing of his *Pindariques*. You knew very well I would Excuse my self if you had ; whether I like 'em or not , there is so much due to the man who first Introdc'd this way of writing amongst us , that none , but the Prophane will venture to disturb his Ashes. If Mr. *Rimer* had thus consider'd his Duty to *Shakespear*, as he was the Father of our Stage, he would have sav'd himself, and the World, a great deal of Trouble and Scandal.

Mr. *Dryden* has frequently given us a Character of Mr. *Cowley*'s other Verses, but he never said any thing of those written in imitation of *Anacreon*. 'Tis true, that great Poet is above this Manner, his Genius cannot Stoop to such Petty Employments ; But this must not excuse others, who have not his Qualifications, and yet take the same Liberty to think themselves above an *Ode* or an *Elegy*. They reckon them amongst the Low Poetry, and nothing can please them now , but *Heroick's*

Heroick's, *Pindarick's*, or *Tragedy*. I have known some who have succeeded in a *Madrigal*, presently conclude themselves *Inspir'd*, and nothing would satisfy them, but they must venture on an *Heroick Poem*. You will scarce believe me if I should tell you that an Honest Rhyming Hostler is at this time busie in the Second Part of Prince *Arthur*. I must confess these things are above my Reach; and I never thought any Person Living capable to pretend to it but Mr. *Dryden*, and he who knows best what it is, knows also the Task is so difficult, that he durst not attempt it. I send you, inclos'd, the Second Ode of *Anacreon* in *English*, by comparing it with Mr. *Cowley's*, you will see best how much I differ from him in his Copying *Anacreon*; Mr. *Cowley* confesses he has Translated it Paraphrastically; and you will perceive where he mingles his own Thoughts with *Anacreons*, he does it very much to the disadvantage of the Original. *Anacreon* comes directly on the Subject he Treats of, whilst Mr. *Cowley* turns and winds to shew his Wit and Learning.

Anacreon gives us one good Thought in an Ode, Adorning it with all the Flowers, and graces of a true Delicacy ; and we like it much better than the strange Variety of some of his Imitators. He has in the Ode I send you, Express in Twelve words, what Mr. Cowley dwells on almost as many Lines. Some allowance must be made for the Language, but the Difference in the Expression is much more disproportionate. He would hardly have run a Division, when he came to,

τοῖς Αὐλέασι φεύγεια.

Mr. Cowley.

Wisdom to Men she did afford,
Wisdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword.

Anacreon would have been loath to own,

What Steel, what Gold, what Diamond
More impassible is found.

He

He would have startled to have seen
the conclusion of his Ode thus Para-
phras'd.

Νύχες οἰκεῖαι σίδηροι
Καὶ πῦρ λαλήτις θεοί.

They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like *Porcupines*, from every part ;
Who can, alas ! their Strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pe, with Nakedness.

This is a particular sort of Wit, which I am sure is very inconsistent with the Character of *Anacreon* ; Nothing can be more Easy and Natural than this Thought in the Original, where the Translator has been so prodigal of his Points : But in good manners to the Sacred memory of Mr. *Cowley*, I ought not to say so much against it as I could.

Through

Through the whole Ode, Mr. Cowley has not at all been exact in his Rhimes or Numbers: If there were no other Faults, this would be enough to Condemn him in things where a sweet Cadence is one of the Chieffest Graces; But every Body knows Mr. Cowley's Felicity was not his measure. However, we will forgive him this, with a great many other mistakes, for the Beauty of his Ode upon *Age*, which is a master-piece; and whoever pretends, to give us a Translation of *Anacreon*, must set that for his Pattern.

Thus, Sir, I have brought my Thoughts into as little a compass as possible; you have them freely, and without Prejudice, if what I have said will satisfy you for the present; hereafter you may expect something more on this Subject,

I am, &c.

Lond. Dec. 13.
1695.

F I N I S.

